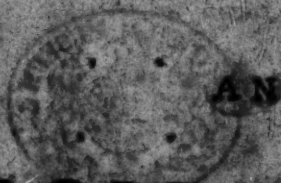


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2



HEROIC EPISTLE,

FROM

KITTY CUT-A-DASH

TO

O R O O N O K O.



* * The following Epistle was wrote at the Beginning of the present Year, when the Author delivered it to a Bookseller, with the Expectation of seeing it published in a few Days——But the Conduct of the Bookseller has been such (from what Motive is unknown to the Author) that near Three Months elapsed, before the Author could get either the Copy returned, or the Epistle finished.—Owing to which Delay in the Bookseller, the Heroic Epistle has been so long with-held from public Perusal; but though now late, the Author humbly hopes it will not prove unacceptable.

AN

11646. d. 61.
2

HEROIC EPISTLE,

FROM

KITTY CUT-A-DASH

k TO

O R O O N O K O.

Donec non aliâ magis

Arstifi, neque erat Lydia post Chloën;

Multi Lydia nominis

Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.

HOR.

Et quando uberior vitiorum copia? quando

Major avaritiæ patuit sinus? —

JUV.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXVIII.

HEROIC EPIC

FROM

KITTY CUT-AL-DASH

TO

OF R O O N O K O



HOR.

Major-General Sir John Lubbock, Bart.
F.R.S.

PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXXVII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I SHOULD make an apology to my friend Kitty, for ushering her performance to the Public, not only without, but against her consent. No doubt her reasons were good, but my fond partiality got the better of them; I wish to see her shine where her nearest friends suspect not her influence.

I could never prevail on her to inform me who were pointed at by the initial letters through her epistle, or who by descriptions, where the former aid was wanting: "it is better," she said, still preserving her morality, "if all persons, whose names begin with any letter censur-
ed

ed in this little work, would examine their consciences, to the end, that, if they can apply what is said to themselves, they may amend : and as to the descriptions, if they are so inaccurate as not to make known who they were intended for, it would be highly unjust to place names under them."

"AN Indian inhabitant of the Andes, rendered blind from his early childhood by the dazzling brightness of perpetual snows, heard a description of the Sun (whose influence he had never felt) from the illiterate Pizarro; being afterwards removed to milder regions, he recovered his sight, and on seeing a great kitchen fire, cry'd out in extacy, the Sun! the Sun!" She then emphatically asked, if she was a Pizarro in her descriptions of the greater luminaries of this little isle?

I HOPE she will not be offended at my erasing some expressions too warm, except from friend to friend : eighty lines of epithets

ADVERTISEMENT. vii

thets too personal after line 860: a parallel between the Hon. T---- C and Ben H---, Esq; 560 lines on the late conduct of Dr. Dilemma, scurrilous they were indeed, but not equal to the Doctor's deserts: some compliments to his M-----, where she compares him to a skilful mechanic, who with the simplest and vilest materials forms a machine, capable of performing whatever he wills.

SHE declared she would never again undertake such another task, but confine herself to the subject of love, in which no doubt she would better succeed; for as she expresses in one of her elegies,

Her thoughts and her dreams are of love,
His tendernefs, jealousyes, wiles,
How palliate his pangs or remove;
How heighten his joys with her smiles.

I COULD not prevail with myself to lop off that part which she attributes to another; but why she pitches on the noble
L---d,

viii **ADVERTISEMENT.**

L---d, I cannot tell, except for his being a Patriot; yet I think, were it he, some notice would be taken of his favourite Mr. G----; perhaps he omitted his praise, with that of many others, to avoid suspicion. But I will not longer detain my readers, wherefore I bid them and my friend Kitty farewell.

ORONOKO.

16 JY 59

AN

HEROIC EPISTLE, &c.

LORD of my person, once, still of my heart,
Say! wilt thou take insulted Kitty's part?
Or, shall I to my tear-wet bed complain,
That Oroonoko's vows were all in vain?
Tho' sure those vows should bind, when freely given, 5
And urg'd in presence of attesting Heaven!
Say! shall I unreveng'd, in silence bear
The taunts and slightings, of the rival fair?
And language rude, which shocks the modest ear,
And threats, at which the brave may quake for fear? 10
Nor threats alone, but base attempts to spoil
That beauty, which as her's does, needs no foil!
Here let me not anticipate the tale
Dreadful! but in its proper place reveal.

Now thrice nine times the moon revolv'd round
earth, 15
Since smiling Venus gave our passion birth:

2 AN HEROIC EPISTLE, &c.

How I thy declaration did receive !
 With what transporting raptures did I rave !
 How all my heart, I swore, and truly swore,
 Was thine ! and ne'er could doat on lover more ; 20
 What need I here repeat ? to thee 'twas known ;
 And well thou knowest, false man ! 'twas thine alone.
 What ! tho' thy friend sometimes supply'd thy place !
 'Twas for thy sake I suffer'd his embrace ;
 What ! tho' rich ——— clasp'd me in his arms ! 25
 'Twas but to spare thy purse, I lent my charms :
 No pleasure knew I in the loath'd cares,
 Nor strove with wonted arts their loves to bless,
 'Twas passive all ; ah ! how unlike that day,
 When first on Oroonoko's couch I lay ; 30
 When all our souls were occupy'd in bliss,
 When ev'ry sense was rous'd in ev'ry kiss ;
 When pleasures fiercer still remain'd in store,
 And joys extatic but preluded more ;
 Day following day did ceaseless raptures roll, 35
 'Till syncope of passion crown'd the whole.

AND now I hop'd, (but ah ! my hopes were vain !)
 Thy love with care and merit to retain,
 Observ'd where faults conceal'd or obvious lay
 In wives, and why their husbands went astray ; 40
 Their conduct scan'd with philosophic eye,
 The first their arts and virtues to espy ;
 The first to imitate the prudent plan
 Of her, who best could manage her good-man :
 Here C— and D—, and B— well disclose 45
 How wives can lead a husband by the nose ;

Yet

Yet their examples did I less pursue,
 Than by my conduct strive to make thee true;
 With cleanliness and neatness have I try'd
 To seem, each new-born day, a new-made bride; 50
 Clean sheets, well air'd, were ev'ry night thy lot,
 Perfum'd with Lavender and Burgamot;
 My caps nocturnal, Flanders' lace display'd,
 My shifts were all of finest Holland made;
 The curtains were adorn'd with hov'ring loves, 55
 The Gods at banquet, or in myrtle groves,
 Or with the nymphs retir'd to close alcoves.
 Love's mystic pleasures o'er, a minstrel, near,
 Obsequious waited, to delight the ear,
 In these degenerate times, a piper nam'd, 60
 The first of Tibicens, tho' little fam'd.
 His pipes of sable ebony were made,
 By Colq'houn, skilful in the Tibian trade;
 Rings of contrasting ivory surround
 The drones, the tips with burnish'd brass are bound: 65
 Such tones he from his matchless chanter drew,
 When o'er the holes instinctive fingers flew,
 As might dissolve in sleep the eye of spleen,
 With his "Ah sure a pair was never seen,"
 And never was't so well apply'd, I ween. 70
 Nor was his skill to sleepy airs confin'd,
 But lively notes reveal'd a lively mind;
 The festive dances, Gods! how would he roar 'em!
BLACK-JOKE, BOW-WOW, or PUSH ABOUT
THE JORUM.
 But pleasures when protracted ever cloy, 75
 For human joys are temper'd with alloy;

4 AN HEROIC EPISTLE, &c.

Wherefore, I watch'd the motion of thine eye,
 The languid yawn yblended with a sigh,
 Banish'd the vapid pleasures without zest,
 And kindled wishes in thy vacant breast. 80
 Now sportive mazes take their laughing turn,
 Now losers at vint-une and ombre mourn,
 And now the board with luxury is crown'd,
 The scarcest, dearest, hardest to be found ;
 The viands by a cook Parisian dress'd, 85
 With piquant sauces gratify the taste,
 And give fresh vigor to the ending feast :
 Flasks of Champaign and Burgundy abound,
 And brimming hob-nobs sparkling circle round ;
 When sick'ning appetites their plates desert, 90
 The board's uncumber'd by a val, expert ;
 The glist'ning canisters, in order plac'd,
 With heaps of costliest fruits and sweetmeats grac'd,
 Revive the rage of hunger, erst suppress'd,
 And cheary welcome glads th' invited guest. 95
 Now Comus, mirthful God, begins his reign,
 Bids us the hour enjoy, nor bids in vain ;
 Shews us, how time is ever on the wing,
 And thus, thy Cut-a-dash instructs to sing :
 " Life is short and quickly flies, 100
 " Shorter youth and sooner dies ;
 " Beauty can no longer last,
 " And oft alas ! is earlier past,
 " For thousands accidents may it annoy ;
 " Then while thou'rt fair be gay, while young thy
 life enjoy : 105
 " Let Lovers at thy feet,
 " Day after day entreat ;
 " The

“ The jolliest each evening select from the throng,
 “ Let rosy wine expand
 “ His pow’rs, his fears disband, 110
 “ And with pleasures, till mid-day, the short night
 prolong.”
 Thus Comus taught, but ’midst the num’rous choice,
 Thou, Oroonoko, hadst my constant voice.

Now jests and glasses are promiscuous crack’d,
 And ev’ry brain to say smart things is rack’d ; 115
 But whose, like Oroonoko’s, gain’d applause ?
 Such peals of laughter, and such loud huzzas !
 For, tho’ his stories were indeed but few,
 And ev’ry day, he told them o’er anew ;
 Tho’ plain the b——y, so profound the wit, 120
 You’d guess for ever, ere the joke you’d hit ;
 But should his tongue its office chance forego,
 The motive power descended to his toe ;
 From whence in volleys palpable it bounds,
 And on ——’s callous breech resounds, 125
 For he with ——, and others at command,
 To bear his jokes or laugh were still at hand.

BUT ah ! what recollection pains my breast !
 And like despairing love destroys my rest !
 Say ! shall I call to mind, that hapless night ? 130
 As o’er the glass we sat, with calm delight,
 Calm for a while, till jealousy and rage,
 Thy efforts mock, my passion to assuage :
 Why knew thy tongue to praise a rival fair ?
 Her neck, her breast, her face, her legs and hair ? 135
 Not

AN HEROIC EPISTLE, &c.

Not that her beauties can with mine compare,
 Or, were they ten times greater, would I care;
 But oh! how were those charms her sex conceal'd,
 To Oroonoko's prying eyes reveal'd?
 The thought suspicion kindled in my soul, 140
 And all the woman rag'd without controul;
 I snatch'd that instrument, so often ply'd
 By thy postillion on the courser's hide;
 The pliant lash, of toughest thong was made,
 And knotted whipcord lent its ruthless aid; 145
 Re-iterated strokes thy body wound;
 Now high thou leap'st in air, now roll'st along the
 ground!
 Whilst up the stairs thou tak'st thy hopeless flight,
 Thy legs experience my revengeful might;
 Now doubling down with headlong pace to skip, 150
 Thy head, face, neck, are welted by the whip:
 Thy piteous shrieks the hardest breast would move,
 Save the relentless flint of jealous love.
 Thus, were the Yankies met by Col'nel B——,
 Back'd by Saint Andrew's watch, of high renown; 155
 Thus would they roar, and quaking run through fear,
 Th' intrepid Col'nel thund'ring in the rear.
 Now spent with toil, I sink into thy arms,
 And rage subsiding's soften'd by thy charms;
 Remorse and pity all my bosom seize, 160
 And flowing tears, at length afford some ease.
 Ah! would this hand were wither'd, ere it beat
 Thee, Oroonoko! thee! my charming sweet!

Curs'd

Curs'd be that jealousy which could perplex,
 And change to wrath, the softness of my sex! 165
 Where learn'd I skill to smack, with so much art,
 The twanging lash, and nicely hit each part?
 Such horrid circles in the air to wind?
 What gave me strength to leave such marks behind?

ALAS! how pale my Oroonoko's face! 170
 The beauteous olive scarcely can I trace;
 Not more aghast Ben Saddi's visage shows,
 Deeply expressive of his mighty woes;
 When the Hibernian Journal at him rails,
 And with Kilcock, and pumpings dire affails. 175

AND now, our grief in streams uniting flow,
 And sobs declare our sympathetic woe;
 We own our faults, nor pardon ask in vain,
 And peaceful kisses make us friends again:
 No after-jars, but acts of kindness prove, 180
 That lovers quarrels do but heighten love.

HERE I omit the climax of our joys,
 Encreasing daily, 'till a wife destroys,
 Nor will my dreams, and omens sad relate,
 Too sure prefages of approaching fate; 185
 How the same candle points at once to thee
 A ring, a dreary winding sheet to me!
 How coffee dregs misfortunes sad portray,
 And dying embers headless trunks display!
 All, all forebode my Oroonoko's flight, 190
 And with him Kitty's prospect of delight.

8 AN HEROIC EPISTLE, &c.

YE griefs ! ye tears ! and sighs I pass ye by,
 The bare reflection moistens either eye !
 Six gloomy, widow'd nights I lay alone,
 Six nights, the chamber echo'd to my moan ! 195
 Six solemn days, in sable weeds attir'd,
 Nor visit suffer'd, till the sixth expir'd !
 The seventh, young B—— did himself present,
 In mood so humble, could I but relent !
 Beside, if lacker'd of your lovely hue, 200
 I might mistake him for you at first view :
 For this, tho' to your passion long inur'd,
 His proffer I with less disgust endur'd.
 Our conversation, too, upon you turn'd,
 How much you lov'd, how much my absence mourn'd ; 205
 How oft you vow'd that Kitty ne'er should lack
 A friend, while you had cloaths upon your back.
 Thus, daily comforting did I receive,
 Nor much indeed, beside, had he to give,
 Oblig'd to crib from circumscrib'd finances, 210
 To purchase *parlez vous & contre dances*—
 To make the tour, his *mauvaise honte* forfake,
 And all the purchaseable follies take.

THOU'ST heard, no doubt, of tinsel'd W——'s boast,
 How he hath occupy'd thy former post. 215
 Yet trust me, Oroonoko, he hath ly'd ;
 Tho' let him with the story feed his pride :
 True, I endur'd his tawdry company,
 To gratify my friends with's minstrelly ;
 But let a woman once observe the man,
 And after, doat upon him if she can ; 220

Let

Let her his face triangular admire,
 Where impudence, conceit, grimace conspire;
 His mouth as if edentated appears;
 With burn'd cork his eye-brows he besmears; 225
 His cheeks their rouge betray when he exudes:
 His chest contracted, manly grace excludes:
 A peeking chin protrudes its pointed length,
 And narrow shoulders shew a want of strength:
 His small cloaths (no account I make of thighs) 230
 Like La Fleur's boots are of enormous size;
 And Flin the baker's yet for bran unpaid,
 Of which his artificial rumps were made.
 His knees are tott'ring, and his spindle shanks,
 For looking decent, to false calves owe thanks; 235
 Strip'd of his borrow'd plumes, pray, what remains,
 To make the ladies wish to wear his chains?
 Is't for his singing they about him quarrel?
 Which hollow bursts, like echo from a barrel;
 Whilst, with distorted features, he out-vies 240
 Nature, in all her worst deformities:
 His mind's with vices numerous replete,
 And Folly claims it as her favorite seat.
 He brags of friends to whom he dares not speak,
 How many hearts, 'tis in his power to break; 245
 Writes billets-doux, bestuff'd with love-sick flame,
 And to himself, by post conveys the same;
 Then drops in public place, with vile intent;
 And hints, from lady this, or that, 'twas sent.

C

But

BUT cease, my muse, from such ignoble game, 250
 Thou dwell'st too long upon the paltry theme;
 Thou should'st, with indignation, pass him o'er,
 Have call'd him puppy, he deserv'd no more.
 The gallant Captain C—— now requires
 The loftiest strain, the epic muse inspires, 255

C——, a proper, handsome, courteous man,
 As ever flirted with a lady's fan,
 Repair'd from Britain, to our little isle,
 Under the auspices of B——y's smile;
 My fame soon reach'd his ears, and he apply'd, 260
 With so much warmth, he would not be deny'd;
 But, like a valiant soldier, storm'd the fort;
 He saw, he won and led me to the court;
 Where introduc'd to his E——, }
 We sup'd, we drank, we crack'd with mirth and }
 glee, } 265
 And mutually enjoy'd each other's company.

HERE, may I beg to set the world aright,
 Who judge of my Lord B—— with spite,
 'Tis said, he's proud and haughty; I declare,
 That affable and gentle is his air, 270
 The gayest of the company he'd seem,
 And, 'pon my honour, gain'd my best esteem.
 'Tis true, in public, he affects grimace,
 Sits solemn, straight, and lengthens out his face;
 But if he Kitty in a corner spy, 275
 In vain his lips he'd screw and turn his eye;

Upon

Upon the angles of his mouth he smiles,
 With so much power my beauty him beguiles;
 But soon compos'd, he looks so grave and queer,
 Just like Lord Froth, perform'd by Vandermere. 280
 Great is his skill in music too, they say,
 But yet, indeed, I have not heard him play;
 Howe'er, the first time he an hour can idle,
 I hope he'll come, and kindly bring his fiddle;
 And while I make the barrel-organ ring, 285
 He'll join in chorus, to Long live the King.
 Nor should he fail to practise ev'ry day,
 Thus of the H——, a major third he'll sway;
 Another major third with bribes make civil,
 And send the minor packing to the Devil. 290

SUCH is my amiable friend, and thine,
 For if my Oroonoko but incline
 To honors, know, a Baronet's degree
 Waits thy acceptance, this thou owest me!
 Beside, but 'tis in confidence I mention 295
 My expectation of 'an Irish pension;
 A few cool annual hundreds, from the nation,
 Would keep me foremost in my occupation,
 And when such sums on foreign rogues and whores
 Are daily squander'd, and her worse undoers, 300
 A set of Placemen, vile accursed brood!
 Hibernia's bane from P—— up to F——!
 Can she refuse a duteous child to bless!
 Whose moderate wish, if favour'd with success,

Would her empower to spurn the Courtier's arms, 305
And Patriots only should enjoy her charms.

FROM this digression, let me now return,
Lest my neglect the gallant Captain mourn;
And let me not a tedious tale prolong,
Nor with repeated loves protract my song, 310
Whilst such a story as the *flying Boots*
Remains untold, and —g—r, the comical rogue's pursuits.

O THOU! who prancing horses dost admire,
And ev'ry part of Caballine attire;
Who whilom in the ancient hall didst bound, 315
In B——k's boots, besplash'd, bemir'd around;
With such high mettie gracefully didst ride;
And, ostentatious, spring from side to side,
Whose interest at Helicon, no doubt,
Is great, for 'twas a *Prancer* found it out: 320
A sister pranc'refs supplicates thy aid,
To sing of Boots performing high croupade.
No vulgar Boots, besplash'd, bemir'd around;
But fac'd with Turkey, and with ribbond bound.

THE clock strikes, and the yawning watch resound, 325
Eleven o'clock, and creep their lazy round;
When spread with all the dainties of the year,
The table groans beneath the luscious cheer,
The gallant Captain takes his usual seat,
I, vis-a-vis, a happy tête-a-tête! 330

Scarce

Scarce is the grace pronounc'd, when at the door

A rap is heard, like thunder's dreadful roar;

Another, louder, shakes the solid wall,

And comical —g—r reels into the hall:

“ Your mistress! demme! shew me in,” he cries: 335

“ Sir, not at home, the val expert replies,

“ Demme! you lie, Sir, introduce me straight,

“ Or with my cane I'll crack your addle pate.

“ What's that you mutter, rascal? O! the Captain

“ Is with your mistress, dirtying a napkin; 340

“ Present my compliments, and let him know,

“ He has his choice, to sup here or to go:

“ Yet, demme! but I'll take his place to night,

“ —g—r's my name, and fighting's^a my delight!”

AMAZEMENT overwhelms the Captain's face, 345

Which red o'er spreads, and then to pale gives place;

The knife and fork his trembling hand forsake,

And saucers trickling his white breeches streak:

At supper, then, he casts a wistful look,

And scarce from tears refraining, thus he spoke: 350

“ What inauspicious deity presides

“ O'er my unhappy fate! What Demon guides!”

He would proceed, but —g—r's sounding voice

With speed determin'd his erst wav'ring choice.

As when a nestling makes his first essay 355

To fly, he first explores the dang'rous way,

Views ev'ry feather with instinctive skill,

And chirps of dole the echoing forest fill.

'Twas

'Twas thus the Captain his attire survey'd
 From head to foot, whilst mournfully he said : 360
 " Ah ! why were Boots for the Pedestrian made,
 " Who swifter could proceed, without their aid ?
 " Why were his heels tremendously bespur'd ?
 " Why dangles at his side, the awkward sword ?
 " Why did I think I look'd so gay and trim, 365
 " When well-tan'd hide encas'd each nether limb ?
 " But mortal's pride no just distinction knows,
 " 'Twixt nature's kindest friends, and vilest foes :
 " 'Twas thus the stag as o'er a lake he stood,
 " Admir'd the antlers which below he view'd, 370 }
 " And scorn'd the slender thanks the water show'd :
 " But soon, alas ! pursu'd a thorny brake,
 " His horns entangle, while the hounds o'ertake :
 " No more their spreading beauties does he prize,
 " Nor his swift thanks for being small despise. 375

" O GENTLE Venus ! hear a suppliant's pray'r !
 " If e'er a hapless suppliant was thy care !
 " Assist me to escape this woeful night,
 " With bones unbroken, and without a fight !
 " Preserve thy soldier's honor free from stain ! 380
 " So shall I heap with sacrifice thy fame !
 " And ne'er again in boots and spurs array'd,
 " By uncouth prancing seek to gain the maid."
 His prayers, in part, ascend and reach her ear,
 The rest, the winds disperse in empty air. 385

THE parlour window, now, to ope he tries,
 But first a rueful farewell glance, his eyes
 Dart at the ducks and peas, just in his gripe,
 Ah! what misfortunes 'twixt the cup and lip!

THE fash upheav'd, he ponders on the leap, 390
 With bristling spikes opposing his escape;
 Then all his might collecting for the bound,
 He forward springs; but short his might were found,
 And on impaling rails his body scur'd,
 Had not the Goddess instant aid procured; 395
 She, pitying power, through —g—r's voice convey'd
 Such force divine, he clear'd the palisade;
 Bones, flesh, skin, boots and spurs e'er it was spent;
 But dangling skirts were caught in his descent.
 Suspended now, 'twixt Heaven and earth he swings, 400
 Like little child from nurse's leading strings;
 And many a kick and many a plunge he gave,
 Nor kick'd nor plung'd in vain, his ribs to save;
 For soon by matchless vigor is he free'd,
 And skirts forsaking, scampers off with speed. 405

As o'er Siberian wilds the hardy swains
 The castor hunt, with unremitting pains;
 The hapless animal, when spent with toil,
 Severs the sexsual part, and quits the spoil;
 With joy the hunter checks the swift rein deer, 410
 And shews the trophy to each pleas'd compeer;
So comical —g—r lifts the remnant skirts on high,
 And with triumphant shoutings rends the vaulted sky.

“ THUS

16 AN HEROIC EPISTLE, &c.

THUS have I, Oroonoko, poorly sung,
 What merited a far superior tongue. 415
 But now, alas! my Oroonoko, learn,
 What once would Oroonoko most concern:
 Yet, why relate to you, hard-hearted man!
 The direful fray, which you yourself began?
 Ah! were it not to ease my burden'd mind, 420
 I'd still kept silence, still in secret pin'd!

ALAS! what boots it, that the cautious fair,
 Her conduct guards with such tenacious care!
 Forbids all commerce with the married man,
 Nor strives th' unwary youthling to trepan! 425
 Whilst thousand snares for either cull are laid,
 By some intriguing, watchful, dirty jade;
 And, whilst she riots in dishonest plunder,
 Virtue and bailiffs scarce can keep asunder.

DID I not strive my passion to restrain? 430
 And thine reviving, shun with equal pain?
 Far, far! as human chastity could go,
 I each avoided as my greatest foe;
 Nor should it any degradation prove,
 That for a while I yielded to thy love: 435
 'Tis not in mortals, total to refrain,
 When Gods, themselves are bound by Cupid's chain,
 Beside, some vengeance to your wife was due,
 For having me, before, depriv'd of you:
 But soon as time my passion did abate, 440
 And pilot Reason had resum'd her seat;

Aided

Aided by her, 'twere blindness not to see,
 That I must part with chastity or thee :
 The struggle was severe, but in the end,
 Half conquer'd Reason the ascendant gain'd. 445
 For this, you tax'd me with ingratitude,
 And with a jaundic'd eye, my actions view'd ;
 A fordid motive was to each assign'd,
 My love was lust, my tendernefs but feign'd,
 In order to procure the transfer bond ; 450
 The next deny'd, I was no longer fond ;
 My bed refus'd, you deem'd revengeful spite,
 Alas ! 'tis from th' unerring rule of right,
 And everlasting fittingness of things,
 Which squares my conduct, ev'ry action springs. 455

AT this reply, you hurried to the door,
 And decency forgetting, call'd me W—— ;
 Swore to my rival, you would instant fly,
 And in her arms, forget my cruelty.
 You kept your oath, for to her arms you flew, 460
 Forgot my cruelty and kindness too.

How could you, Oroonoko ! on her breast,
 Sweltring with foggy fatness, bear to rest ?
 What pleasure you found in the nasty bed,
 From whence all modest decency was fled ? 465
 The bare idea crimsons o'er my face !
 Were you not poison'd in the loath'd embrace ?

To save you, Oroonoko, from such fate,
 I hurried o'er, alas ! it was too late !

18. AN HEROIC EPISTLE, &c.

You had absconded, ere I cross'd the way, 470
 And on the board four weighty guineas lay :
 The shining present could I help but grudge,
 When, 'pon my honour, one were much for J—— !
 With mildness first I blam'd her avarice,
 And that in choice of culls she was not nice ; 475
 But seiz'd on whomsoever she could get,
 The Proverb says, " all's fish comes to her net."
 I laid the heinous sin before her eyes,
 Seducing husbands from uxorial ties :
 The baseness of kidnapping culls display'd, 480
 How in the end, it must destroy the trade ;
 The strong necessity of honor shew'd,
 And mutual confidence in all the sister-hood.
 In short, D—— B—— had not more to say,
 When preaching on a burning summer's day, 485
 To raise a fund for little parish-boys,
 He bade them praise their God with chearful noise,
 And pray their benefactors from all harm,
 Who cover'd them with clothes, to keep them warm.
 Not holy C—— better texts could trace, 490
 * That conscientious Vicar of Christ's peace !
 Nor W——, forwarder of each good plan,
 Thence privileg'd, a peevish, snappish man. |

SCARCE had I ended when, her ranc'rous tongue,
 Th' inhospitable roof with clamour rung : 495
 Volleys of curses, jostling, past her lip,
 Enough to serve the crew of first-rate ship ;

Mild

* 'Tis doubted whether this is meant ironically or not.

Mild was each answer, curse and oath I swore,
 By G—d, d-mn-tion seize you, foggy v—! }
 My calm serenity enrag'd her more. 500 }

But when provok'd, I call'd her scurvy gripe,
 And bade her watch the door, to cheapen tripe;
 To mesdames B——, and K—— compar'd,
 Whose ev'ry act by stingingness is squar'd:
 Her pangs collect into convulsive ire, 505
 And eye-balls glare with dæmoniac fire:

A brazen candlestick she grasp'd and flung,
 Which on its errand had not loit'ring hung;
 But miss'd its aim, and spent its erring force;
 Else, had I lain a pale and breathless corse: 510

The pond'rous weapon broke a China jar,
 A gift from Captain S——, that God of war.
 The loves of Venus were thereon pourtray'd,
 And Mars by Vulcan in her arms betray'd:
 With grief she view'd the scatter'd fragments lie, 515
 And vowing vengeance, heav'd a ghastly sigh!
 Now like a furious Bacchant staring round,
 To see, if mortal weapon may be found.

At length the poker meets her prying eye,
 And thrice she brandish'd it, advancing nigh: 520
 Each stride she takes the creaking floor resounds,
 And foaming nostrils threaten blood and wounds.

YE guardian Gods! who over mortals wait,
 To ward th' approaches of untimely fate,
 Say, what prevented mine? 'Twas Venus fair, 525
 The Cyprian meretrix, who took the air,

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And shape of R—dd—g, flew to interpose,
And with a pair of tongs repel the blows.

Now victory her golden wings had spread,
And laurel garlands had adorn'd my head.
But Momus to the Gods, in council flew, 530
And Venus aiding, pointed to their view;
Long known before to great all-seeing Jove,
Who his permission gave the Queen of Love;
And now tho' pleas'd, he frown'd, as if he would re-
prove. 535

When Goddess Juno, that cœlestial shrew,
Like Socrates's rib, outrageous grew;
"Why will great Jupiter," she raging cry'd,
"With seeming anger, satisfaction hide?
"Must ev'ry celebrated strumpet share 540
"What's due alone to me, his love and care?
"Say! hast thou yet profan'd the marriage bed,
"And thither Cut-a-dash in triumph led?
"Or suffer'st this, to please thy quondam trull;
"Under whose banners Kitty keeps her school? 545
"What e'er it be, by Styx I solemn swear!
"If thou permit'st me not, to aid the war,
"Gainst Cut-a-dash and Venus force to try,
"Not J——'s friend, but Venus' enemy:
"I'll lead your Godship such a weary life, 550
"As husband never yet was led by wife."

Trembling, he hears, and dreads the oath she swore,
Remembring what he oft endur'd before:
Wherefore, her wish is granted by the God,
Andratified with his confirming nod.

THE Goddeſs downwards, now, directs her ſpeed,
Not drawn by peacocks of cœleſtial breed;
But on a glancing meteor, rapid fails,
So ſwift, to name it, human genius fails:
And now, her form majeſtick laid aſide, 560
She wears the viſage, and the yellow hide.
Of J——'s cook, with greaſy rags o'erſpread,
And mutton-fiſts, and arms of brawny red.
And now ſhe enters at the parlour door;
One hand a ſhovel, one a diſhclout bore; 565
Dripping with cabbage broth, which inſtant ſped
A miſſive weapon at fair Venus' head:
Such judgment was exerted in the throw,
It twin'd around the Cyprian beauty's brow;
From whence a rill inodorous beſmears 570
Her boſom, mingled with celeftial tears:
Nor loſt ſhe time, but wav'd the ſhovel round,
Whoſe wind alone whole armies might confound;
And at her fair antagoniſt, a blow
She levels, which would quell a mightier foe, 575
Had not the ſhielding diſhclout broke its force,
And bent obliquely down its fated courſe:
Thus what was meant, my ally to aſtound,
Prov'd her defence and ſav'd her from a wound.

HERE, Oroonoko, mark the power of Jove! 580
Whoſe ways, tho' purblind mortals diſapprove,
Are ever juſt; and let the virtuous learn,
The good from ſeeming evil to diſcern.
The vicious lay their wickedneſs aſide,
Since all their efforts 'gainſt the virtuous try'd; 585
Serve

Serve but as dung to some penurious soil,
 Whose putrid steams reward the farmer's toil,
 With plenteous crops of corn, wine and oil :
 So without changing Nature's various laws,
 Good out of evil, our great Ruler draws. 590

Now does the fight with greater fury burn,
 Each conqueror and conquer'd in her turn;
 A Goddess Queen, with Goddess Queen engag'd,
 And war by woman, 'gainst a woman wag'd.

As when the Liffey swells with floods of rain, 595
 And thunders through his channel tow'rd the main:
 If angry Eurus, scowling, quit his den,
 Destruction threatening to the sons of men!
 He scours along, 'till Anna's boisterous wave,
 Against his force, opposing billows heave : 600
 Conflicting elements in battle vie,
 And surge and wind in commination fly,
 Conjoin'd in enmity, resounding mount on high!
 So meet the Goddesses, at ev'ry shock,
 So sound their weapons, at each hardy knock ! 605

MEANTIME, the combat rag'd with equal sway,
 'Twixt J—— and me, but in a diff'rent way :
 With horrid imprecations, she denounces
 To mark my visage with her savage pounces;
 Or with the poker leave so great a scar, 610
 As may, in spite of paint, my beauty mar :
 Recoiling back to take her aim aright,
 She darts the iron with collected might ;

But,

But, by a spring, I from her malice veer,
 And harmless graz'd the poker on my ear : 615
 Then in I rush'd, and from her bosom tore,
 The miniature, and tippet which she wore.
 Eight bloody streaks the martial act attest,
 And with black marks, my thumbs indent her breast :
 She howls so loud, to it, the dire war hoop, 620
 Of Gen'ral Burgoyne's scalping Indian troop,
 Were but an infant's cry appal'd, I fall ;
 And cuffs on cuffs my head, neck, shoulders maul :
 A while my system, of each downward stroke,
 With its elastic spring, the fury broke ; 625
 Which when perceiv'd, her wrathful talons tear,
 And strew the ground with system, cap, and hair.
 Rous'd by the pain, I cross the parlour bounce,
 And my denuded head, guard with a flounce !
 Now bottles, glasses in confusion hurl'd, 630
 Cups, saucers, mugs, jugs, crackling, quit the world !
 Knives, forks, decanters in promiscuous throngs,
 And books of novels, prayers, bawdy songs !
 Some hit, some miss, for each expert is found,
 T' annoy the foe, or ward the threaten'd wound. 635
 At length a jordan, of a size uncommon,
 More fit for giants, than modest woman,
 A reservoir hed-domadal, I see,
 With ordure thick replete and chamber lie :
 Six times a Twiss's full, 'twould hold with ease, 640
 And without spilling would require to raise,
 Three chambermaids of these degen'rate days :
 Whether by native force, or heavenly aid,
 Its bulk enormous I to lift essay'd,

And

And not in vain, but lifted, poiz'd in air, 645
I heav'd the burden at the rival fair.

As earth-born giants, on Phlegræan plains,
Hurl'd hills and rocks and trees at him who reigns
In Heaven ; when one, of mightiest force,
'Twixt Rhodop and its base writes a divorce ; 650
And whilst he balances, prepar'd to cast,
The river Enipeus inunds his waist :
So down my luckless head a copious stream,
The jordan issues from inclining brim :
Two parts of its contents my garments stain, 655
The rest on J—— descends, like sleet and rain :
High o'er her head the emptying vessel past,
And shiver'd on the ground, stank forth its last.
But, O ye Gods ! to what shall I compare
The sick'ning smell, which thickning fill'd the air, 670
Like murky smoke, it instant gluts the room,
A palpable apparent foetid fume ;
Sure, from plebeian guts the fœces came,
And sweaty toes were cleansed in the stream ;
No mortal could endure a minute's stay, 675
Each Goddess stop'd her nose and stole away ;
And thus the jordan terminates the fray.

HOME I return with speed, and my attire
Strip off and cast it dripping in the fire :
Then bathe my weary'd limbs, not more to free 680
From the effects of toil, than chamber-lie :
With fragrant oils my body I anoint,
Which scent the air, and supple ev'ry joint,

Then

Then huddle night cloaths on, with careless haste,
 And hope to rest from all my labours past :
 Vain were my hopes ! O genius of our isle ! 685
 Fair Freedom's genius ! didst thou sleep the while ?
 When hostile, congregated watchmen dar'd
 To violate the dwelling they should guard ;
 Headed by J——'s coachman, in they rush'd, 690
 And me, th' unquestionable mistress push'd
 Forth from my sacred castle, in despite
 Of Magna Charta, and the Bill of Right.
 The watch-house, then, had witness'd my despair,
 For unavailing were the Captain's pray'r, 695
 To spare my gentle sex, and in my stead,
 He'd pawn his fortune, liberty and head.
 Till W—— (not he in doleful dumps,
 Whose legs off smitten, fought upon the stumps ;)
 But W—— who aims his gun aright, 700
 Marauding pigeons deadens in their flight ;
 Their flesh to pies and pasties daily turns,
 And fattens on them while the owner mourns.
 With his parochial power interpos'd,
 And lenient measures soon the difference clos'd. 705

NEXT day with bruises and fatigue confin'd,
 To medical assistance I inclin'd.
 Amidst the faculty were field to choose,
 Yet chiefly one amongst them I refuse ;
 An indolently good man, but no blame 710
 His skill deserves, nor does it wrong his fame :
 He'd make a compliment of fifty pounds,
 Where such the ostentatious act resounds,

On some rich Peer obtrudes the donative,
 Whilst he to mis'ry would not six-pence give : 715
 He'd weep a sparrow's fall, on his domain,
 By kite or thoughtless boy untimely slain;
 Yet would endure an hospital to pine,
 In putrid woe, to save a glass of wine.
 Him I reject, and all the formal drones, 720
 And choose the man well skill'd in precious stones,
 Under his daily care I health retrieve,
 And pains and aches no more my body grieve.

BUT now, my Oroonoko, much I fear,
 I've with my long narration tir'd your ear ; 725
 Else would I, ere I make my last adieus,
 Relate of this metropolis the news ;
 How to Elysium poor Don Philip's gone,
 And Prancer's long soliloquy thereon :
 How at the first, for joy, he tore his wig, 730
 And, gout forgetting, danc'd a Solo Jig :
 " For now, he cry'd, the information falls,
 " And D—— unsustain'd, for mercy calls :
 " The fear'd petition drops, of grief great source !
 " And by my future place, an intercourse 735
 " With men in power I'll hold, court secrets know,
 " From whence importance and support must flow :
 " I'll seem to quit the law, which me has quit ;
 " And would, kind Fate ! but one event permit,
 " To make a Ch——r of friend B—— ; 740
 " Ye Gods ! how gorgeously should I pickeer,
 " And o'er opposing voters domineer."

Five hours his long soliloquy's protracted,
 Whilst he a thousand antic gestures acted.

NOR he alone at poor Don Phil's demise,
 Had cause of joy; if it be cause to rise?

My friend, J — S —, Attorney-G —'s made,
 'Gainst B —, with C — y's and L — r's aid.

But, apropos, his new house have you seen?
 In, what-do-you-call the street, near Stephen's-
 green? 750

The door-case with Ionic columns grac'd;
 O'er which, a beauteous, card cut-arch is plac'd,
 Which looks so airy, 'pon my word, you'd swear,
 The columns had no fort of business there:

The walls are finish'd in the modern taste,
 And stucco foliage on the cornice trac'd,

But the chief beauties are, I may presume,
 Lavish'd, to ornament the dining room;

Beneath whose lofty cieling are pourtray'd
 A double pair of femorals display'd; 760

Emblem of virile prowess! ev'ry part,
 In short, appears the workmanship of art;

Ev'n his attention to the kitchen-maid,
 Is great, and will be in the end repaid;

For neither match nor bogwood need he buy her, 765
 Since ev'ry window serves to light the fire.

O! COULD he once complete this habitation,
 And render it a warehouse for the fashion;
 Of novel decorations, such as may
 Entice the town to imitate, and say, 770

Th' Att——y-G—— this or that has done,
 I'll follow him, and what he shuns I'll shun;
 His happiness were scarcely more compeatl,
 If dignified with my Lord C——r's seat.

YET S—— has virtues, which a Roman breast, 775
 In Rome's corruptless times; might have confest;
 But to each virtue is some vice affix'd,
 As all his vices are with virtues mix'd.
 What man more gen'rous? who a friend more true?
 Who more alert his country to undo? 780

OFt in the senate have I seen him rise,
 Grief in his heart and anger in his eyes;
 A ministerial baseness to support,
 Compell'd to do so, or forsake the court;
 And whilst his costly brain but hums and ha's, 785
 How would he thunder in a righteous cause?
 How ev'n a match to Y——n he'd prove,
 If stimulated by his country's love?

O! S—— if you this picture disapprove,
 Th' unworthy, baneful causes far remove. 790
 So shall no muse more gladly celebrate,
 Than mine, your worth or failings palliate;
 No nymph more prompt your merits to reward,
 With kinder love or rivals to discard.

THO' base, O! S——! thy part, still far more base, 795
 The parts, which G—, F—, and B— disgrace;
 Tho' 'gainst thy country fight'st, in open day,
 And for that end wast taken into pay,

Thy

Thy vilest quality, thy impudence,
 Thou sold'st ; and liberal was the recompence ; 800
 Whilst they, their country, fame, and conscience pawn,
 And must beside, like cringing lap-dogs fawn.

—— with shield of Patriotism contends,
 Against his country, number'd with her friends,
 And in his speech, cries : “ Happy is the nation 805
 “ Under so pious an administration,
 “ When patriot and courtier, erst at strife,
 “ Shall but one person make, like man and wife :
 “ The K——, attentive to Hibernia's weal,
 “ Has chosen a Viceroy, all her sores to heal, 810
 “ Who with his Commons will co-operate,
 “ *Like them inclin'd*, to save a sinking state.
 “ Yet, think not me, a ministerial tool.”——
 Dear Sir, I don't ; you're but the stepping stool,
 By which, your wife to titles hopes to mount, 815
 No more a spinster, if you're made a Count.
 Not you, but her, the prudent V— r— bribes ;
 He knows your ev'ry action she prescribes.
 'Tis she can energy, grace, diction teach :
 'Tis she who manufactures ev'ry speech, 820
 Which should you fail to get aright by heart,
 She skilful prompts, while you repeat your part ;
 Recites, like priest expert, th' Apostles creed,
 While you, like clerk, at distance due proceed.
 She's saucy, proud ; would pass for wit and sense ; 825
 Ill-natur'd, talkative impertinence.
 Indeed, poor L—— ! while such a mate you boast,
 I know not to despise or pity most.

REVERT

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REVERT thine eyes, now — from thy wife,
 In thy relation * view a virtuous life : 830
 See mildness flowing from benevolence ;
 See modesty conjoin'd with manly sense ;
 See more than mod'rate beauty, yet no pride ;
 See thousands female decencies beside ;
 Yet not one accidental excellence, 835
 By merely striving to avoid offence :
 Nor does one virtue to a fault extend ;
 Her judgment draws the line, where each should end.
 She's generous, not prodigally vain ;
 Œconomic, without a niggard stain ; 840
 With constitution warm, as Dian chaste ;
 No words obtrusive, though with knowledge grac'd ;
 Sincere her friendships, male and female prove,
 From Envy these, as those are free from Love.

ON her perfections could I ever dwell, 845
 And ev'n a melancholy rev'rence feel,
 Such as th' apostate giants in their fall,
 Conceived at times for him who caus'd their thrall ;
 To equal whose renown, they vainly strove,
 For who can cope with omni-potent Joye ? 850
 Deluded wretches ! fated not to know,
 Their proud attempts must work their overthrow ;
 Whilst humble imitation would procure,
 Tho' less of fame, a happiness secure.

NEXT

* Mrs. C. N.

AN HEROIC EPISTLE, &c.

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NEXT of my pen, should — the justice find, 855
Distinguish'd speaker ! shame of human kind !
But such a subject ill befits the muse,
Who scorns a language adequate to use ;
Where ev'ry line with gall should overflow,
And scoundrel epithets march in a row. 860

EVEN now, methinks, with inspiration fraught,
The muse his future fate beholds in thought ;
'Midst his depravities, one slender spark
Of virtue gleams, an ember in the dark ;
Like Noah's dove compell'd from home to stray, 865
It nought but flood discovers, on its way :
'Tis grief for loss of fame his bosom tears,
Continual grief, more fell than Titian cares ;
For less enormous, till his fame resign'd,
His vices seem'd, and of less dangerous kind. 870
When Phœbus o'er the rugged deep displays,
The potent influence of his sparkling rays :
Each breaking wave with diamonds seems to glow,
And deaths adorn'd, unheeded lurk below ;
But if a cloud the atmosphere obscure, 875
And native horrors ev'ry wave immure,
The trembling mariners aghast explore,
And wonder how they were deceiv'd before.
The public, thus, —'s naked vices scan,
And hate, despise, and execrate the man. 880

O JOVE ! 'tis thine with slightest arms to wound,
And basest villains in their pride confound :

Thy

Thy angry finger shoots the unseen mote,
 And if therewith the tender eye-ball's smote,
 Pain racks the frame, o'ercomes the strongest mind, 885
 And ev'ry faculty to grief's resign'd:
 What thou select'st to scourge this little chief,
 Were to a mote, a mote to Teneriff:
 That atomy of virtue, his mind's guest,
 Which rankling, anguishes his canker'd breast; 890
 Doth by its active presence torture more
 Than inquisition-genius heretofore.

THUS, if a scintillation, genial seed
 Of light and warmth! the harmless shepherd feed;
 With leaves and wood, a comfortable glow 895
 Dispels the wintry cold of frost and snow;
 Spreads rural cheerfulness throughout the cot,
 And wife and children praise their happy lot:
 But if on some great magazine it fall
 Of hellish powder, cannon, bombs and ball; 900
 Combustion dire, and ruinous crush ensue,
 And desolation stalks the fortrefs through.
 Such baleful fate shall — attend, but slow,
 And ev'ry minute bring an age of woe,
 Till, with his self-spilt blood he foul the grave, 905
 And vainly hope his rotten fame to save:
 No resurrection shall prolong his name,
 Except to scorn, to infamy and shame!

Now, let each breeze in softest breathings blow,
 And ev'ry stream in measur'd murm'rings flow, 910
 Let

Let no rough verse with harshness the ear grate,
Nor unmusical rhymes lines terminate;
But numbers such as —— would choose,
When gentle Nanette occupies his muse:
Let all be harmony, for ——'s the theme, 915
And —— at least to harmony has claim.

WHAT man, like ——, can palliate a wrong?
Or set oppression to so sweet a song?
Can make the worse, appear the better cause,
And ev'n from Ireland's friends extract applause? 920
I listen with attention, whilst he speaks,
And forth involuntary rapture breaks;
Almost forget the deep insidious art,
With which his genius veils a treacherous heart.
Each sentence, metaphorically drest; 925
One meaning hides, another stands confess.
“A weight are taxes! they're,” he cries, “the weight,
“That motion gives to the machine of state.
“Are they a cloud? It teems with fertile showers,
“And beautifies the earth with od'rous flowers: 930
“Sheds plenty o'er the land, with joy beguiles
“The human breast, and ev'ry grief exiles.”
Thus, in Arcadian song he glosses o'er.
The measures reprobate of him before;
For, like a pully fix'd, his place translates 935
In opposite direction to the weights;
Whilst loaded with new imposts Ireland groans,
He soars aloft, nor feels nor hears its moans.

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FROM figurative cloud, a kindly dew
Pervades his filken robe of sable hue : 940
Safe under whose power he smiles,
Whilst the same cloud bursts thunder on these isles.

AH ! little reck's the courtier, whilst he thrives,
The woe his country from his bliss derives ;
The elegancies which his house adorn, 945
Perhaps, are from the houseless lab'rer torn,
And whilst with palling dainties he is fed :
Full many a babe goes supperless to bed,
And shiv'ring shrink their little limbs with cold,
Whilst he is strutting in embroider'd gold. 950
The veryest wretches must their mite supply,
To glut his rav'nous, pamper'd luxury :
And if, at last, a scant penurious glean
Of ease, with moil unceasing they obtain,
'Tis but a cause, why they should suffer more, 955
Why tax is heap'd on taxes heap'd before :
It matters not what millions may endure,
If he the means of proud parade procure !
Inhuman politics ! which thus oppress
Endeav'ring men, emerging from distress ! 960
Which deem it wise, to cramp with iron sway,
And unresisting make an easy prey.

THE poor americk pismires, thus, with toil,
In colonies combin'd, improve the soil ;
Complete their little cells, lay in their store, 965
And hope their labour and vexation o'er.

Vain is their hope ! the slothful ant-bear's nigh,
Surveys their comfort with an envious eye ;
Extends his long red tongue, with art affails,
And swallows myriads at his cruel meals.

970

YET, let not man, in his desponding hour !
Imagine vice inseparable from power :
The courtier may have worth, and check the tide
Of that corruption, which he seems to guide :
Be thou that courtier, — ! create a name, 975
Ingraft a Cion on thy blighted fame !
From which more spreading branches may outshoot,
And fairer flowers spring, and better fruit :
Thy talents set thee 'bove the servile crowd,
Those who in monosyllables are loud ; 980
And only then, those wretched Ayes and Noes,
Who after voting, finish out their doze.
Then, trust me, and thy dignity assert ;
Thy country's ruin, if thou canst ! avert :
Join in no dirty jobb, reduce the list 985
Of pension'd knaves, who on our wealth subsist :
Muzzle the cravers of superfluous aid ;
But, what is necessary, ne'er impede.
This plan pursued, thou gain'st thy country's love ;
The Court itself thy conduct must approve ; 990
Tho' did it not ! Did even a Viceroy blame !
Thy low'ring frown may teach him to be tame.

WHAT dream, ye Gods ! has hurry'd me along,
To make this ——— a Patriot in song ?

This pliant tool, the foremost in the throng, 995
 To praise and vote for measures right or wrong?
 Perhaps his country, in some trifling cause,
 He joins, whilst baited galleries hum applause.
 When such examples open on the mind,
 Where baseness and abilities are join'd, 1000
 I hate mankind, suspect the fairest show
 Of patriotism for sordidness to flow:
 O! save me Y——! from such mistrust;
 Convince me, one can be both great and just!

NEXT, should the C—— in review appear, 1005
 Her chiefs assembled, Prancer in the chair;
 In solemn council, how to gain renown,
 How Virtue's sacred temple batter down!
 Or sap the steps conducting to her gate,
 And force each guardian science to retreat! 1010
 Poor C——, and good M——, in despair,
 Retire to offer up a saving pray'r;
 W—— attempts to follow, but in vain,
 Entangling petticoats his limbs restrain.
 K—— the just attacks, with chosen band, 1015
 Of ally'd troops, and makes a glorious stand.

BUT now a bolder bard the theme pursues,
 More vers'd in classic lore his nervous muse;
 Sublimed flights his vivid fancy tries,
 On unshorn wing it soars, and mingles with the
 skies: 1020
 Whilst mine, a cooler moral bridle sways,
 And Mercy's balance, Satire's venom weighs:

Else

Else had the wretches, which disgrace the age,
 In bloody massacre distain'd each page;
 With shrieks unfelt, unpity'd, vainly cry, 1025
 For mercy's sake, to suffer them to die;
 The muse should try each therapeutic art,
 Their lives to lengthen, but encrease their smart.

PROCEED, dear friend! in thy adopted plan,
 Censure, in glowing phrase, the haughty man! 1030
 Depict the servile slave in driv'ling strain,
 And in Pomposo's bloated stile the vain!
 Thy easy elegance shall recommend
 The line, that's bless'd with lover or with friend.

FORGET not in an episode to trace, 1035
 How proud Callori emulates his ———;
 Who, heretofore, with Falvey envious strove,
 To cut a caper or a minuet move.
 Ill judging man! he might have caper'd still,
 And in Clonmell with Falvey danc'd his *fill*! 1040
 But did he think, that, 'gainst a pow'rful peer,
 Who made the grand tour, he had nought to fear!
 And prancing, too, so much the fashion here? }

I SAW the pit with indignation glow;
 For soon the whisper ran from row to row, 1045
 Of who he was, and what his bus'ness there;
 Whilst old and young their honour seem'd to fear,
 I saw his ———, like catch pole dire advance, Sir,
 And tip the shoulder of the dizen'd dancer:

I saw

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I saw them issue forth, and fear'd their rage 1050
 Might tempt them in a mortal fight engage :
 But happily my fears were founded ill,
 'Twas not at swords they meant to try their skill ;
 In peace they part—the gallery this ascends,
 That treads the stage, and mingles with his friends. 1055

As when a cat, intent on bloody fray,
 A mouse-hole watches for the trembling prey ;
 So did his —— with eagerness observe,
 If proud Callori from his seat should swerve ;
 And did he but presume to shake a foot, 1060
 His —— would shame him with a lofty cut.

I SAW his toe, like Passerini's point ;
 Squar'd were his feet, and supple ev'ry joint.
 If, then, the challenge from Callori came,
 No doubt his —— had immortal fame. 1065
 With B——'s his name should ever live,
 Nor lack of foreign dancers need we grieve :
 But like the mouse, Callori lay perdue,
 Silent and sad, and shrunk within his mew.
 We watch'd his ——, his —— Callor, in vain, 1070
 Wearied at length, he sculk'd behind the scene.
 His and our expectation thus at height,
 Were render'd prostrate by the recreant wight.

FAREWELL, my Oronooko ! now farewell !
 But hah ! what stranger's hand ? I cannot tell ! 1075
 Let's see ! O Lud ! I palpitate for fear !
 It must be Ch——'s, what brought him here ?

How

How could his Muse so many lines indite,
Whilst I was at the Opera last night ?
Good lack ! good lack ! how courtiers he abuses ! 1080
And only three or four among them chuses ;
As if he scorn'd the rest, a worthless train,
Nor would a word to such vile lumber deign.

• DEAR Oronooko, when the circling glass,
Each guest invites to laud his fav'rite lass, 1085
Be then not lavish in thy Kitty's praise,
Nor seek to deck her brow with borrow'd bays :
Small were the comfort, if imputed rhymes
Procur'd for her, the hatred of the times ;
If Courtiers, by Lord C——abus'd, 1090
At Cut-a-Dash's shrine to kneel refus'd ;
Or strove to vilify her spotless fame,
Or make her of some vile lampoon the theme.

DID time permit, I'd read my letter o'er,
Correct, expunge, as I'd the faults explore : 1095
But to my friend, what need of so much care ?
Sure ! Oronooko will his Kitty spare !
Nay, ev'n her incorrectness must approve,
Since judgment's incompatible with love.
Beside, no critic Metius lends his aid, 1100
Nor can the work be thrice three years delay'd ;
Perhaps as many days may close its fate :
Then, like old Almanacks, be out of date.
Not so my passion, young it shall remain,
When bloom forsakes each feature, blood each vein ! 1105
When

40 AN HEROIC EPISTLE, &c.

When death arrests, when to the earth convey'd!
 Yet shall it live and animate my shade!
 My shade thy footsteps tend—thoughts, actions guide,
 Till Charon ferry thee to t'other side!
 From thence conduct thee thro' th' Elysian plains,
 Where cloyless bliss 'twixt nymphs and shepherds reigns!
 And, may Sisyphean labours be my lot,
 If, Oronooko! I prefer thee not
 To Hell's great King! and do not rather prove,
 Than Pluto's mistress, mistress of my love!

ACT IV. SCENE I.
 Oronooko, alone.

Did time permit, I'd send my letter o'er,
 Court, exchange, as I'd the fair's explore;
 But to my friend, what need of so much care?
 Sure! Oronooko will his I love spare!
 Nay, even his inconstancy must approve,
 Since I am his inconstancy with love;
 Beside, no crime Metius lends his aid,
 Nor can the work be thick with weeds and shade;
 Perhaps as many days my cloister's fate,
 Then, like old Almanacks, be out of date;
 Not to my passion, young, shall I be true,
 When bloom forsakes each feature, black and blue.

